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## Literary Designs, May 14, 1943

Moorhead State Teachers College

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# LITERARY DESIGNS

Supplement To The Western MISTIC Edited by Mu Gamma Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta  
MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1943

## My First Hunting Trip

BY CALVIN OISON

I woke with a sense of having slept too late. My half-closed eyes made a mental photograph of my brother's inert, huddled form, the foot of our bed, the bureau, and my gun . . . my gun! I had bought it only the week before, and it was my most cherished possession. This day was one for which I had worked and planned all summer. It was to go on my first "real" hunting trip! No adults were coming, only my brother and myself. And here I was, thinking about it!

My head jerked from the pillow and I pounded lustily on Charles' protesting body. "C'mon, wake up." My hoarsely whispered words reached him and in a moment he was as excited as I. We scrambled from the covers, pulled on our clothes, and crept down the stairs. Too excited to eat, we raced through the hall and burst out into the rhime-covered dawn of a November morning.

A half-hour later saw us safely out of the village, wading through the thick brown grass of the hills, or crackling through the dense brush in the valleys. My own tense figure, with a half-shouldered gun, led the way, and Charles jumped along breathlessly at my heels.

The morning dragged relentlessly on. All around us we could hear the deep boom of some veteran hunter's shot, or a dainty cough from a lighter fowling piece, but my gun remained silent. Finally, with leaden feet and still heavier hearts, we turned about and trudged wearily and disgustedly homeward.

The steeples and gables of the village were appearing through the late fall haze, and the two of us were almost tearfully bemoaning our bad luck, when suddenly before my startled feet an iridescent feathery meteor whirled up and bee-lined across the railroad tracks. Instinctively I should-

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## FASCINATIONS

BY INEZ RAFF

The wondrous beauty of the rose.  
The quiet in a church before a service.

The patient care a mother robin gives her young.

A dog's faith in his master.

A mother's love.

A child's sense of security.

The stillness of a night in June.

Moonlight on a rippling stream.

Laughter in a baby's face.

The whiteness of new-fallen snow.

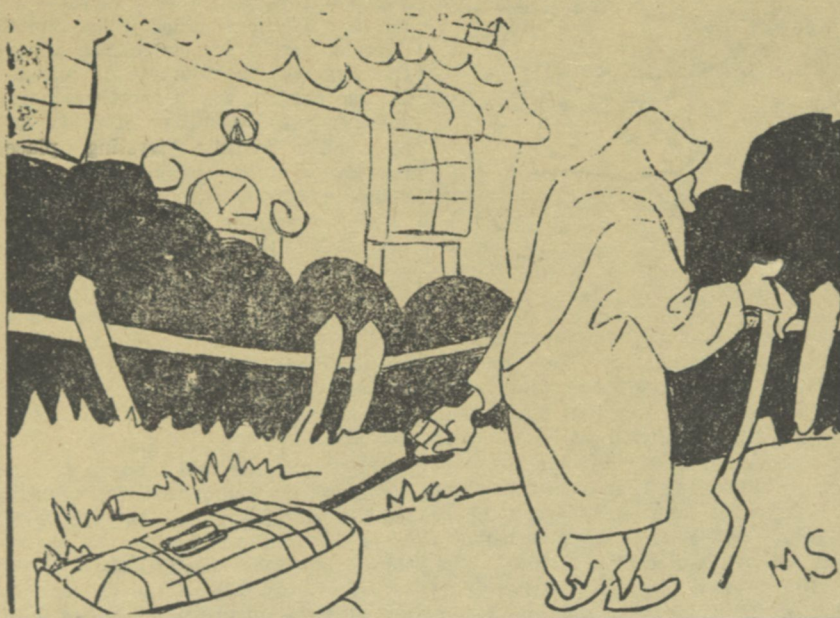
A childlike fear of God.

A loving friend.

And yet a cloud may seem to blot them out,

But they are ever there.

## Mama Moses...



BY MARGARET STEVENS

The ladies of the Shipstead Corners Christian society and their rivals, the ladies of the Business Women's club, are audibly proud of the fact that their city has retained the democracy of the small country town it used to be before the river boats started coming up as far as Bocie's Landing and the railroads followed. Life is still leisurely; supply still nicely balances demand, in Shipstead Corners. As the clubwomen frequently remark to visiting district chairmen, there are no slum sections in the town; absence of large-scale industrial plants keeps the undesirable element down to a minimum.

It is of this minimum I wish to speak. Of Hungry Hollow, down on the South end by the roundhouse, and of its nucleus, the 'Street.'

The Street is one block long, being bitten off abruptly at the far end by a tangent railroad fence. Its gravelly expanse is never traversed by the svelte automobiles of touring clubwomen, for here live the 'Syrian' families of Shipstead Corners, in a rarified atmosphere of squalor, hollyhocks, stagnant rainbarrels, and the aroma of goats.

Known as Clara Street in the days of its respectability, the Street was once an area of fine homes and careful shrubbery. Today, its weeds grovel vily in the gutters; its lilacs squat, shabby and indifferent, beside the grinning gums of one-time picket fences, and its petunias scramble to fend the besieging quackgrass from crumbled foundations and the steps of frail old verandas.

The houses of the Street, too, have lost all self-respect upon being dropped socially by the good people of the town. Unkempt they lean, elbows upon the palings, eying passersby with candid disfavor. They have contracted from one another some foul skin disease, which turns their clapboards scrofulous and discolored. Some, let out at the seams to cope with pyramiding generations of prolific families, have queer misshapen figures, like obese old ladies who will not wear stays.

Down at the far end of the block where the road halts, confused, in a tangle of hollyhocks gone wild, sits the most degraded, the most slatternly of all these domiciles, the house of Mama Moses, with shreds of the grandeur that was Clara Street still clinging to it. Though its portly rear is right up against the railroad fence, it manages to retain a regal bearing reminiscent of Queen Victoria in her old age. Perched on a little slope above the surrounding terrain, it surveys the entire Street, and in return is more vulnerable to the stares of the curious than the other houses along the block.

Mama Moses' house is a well-loved house. Where the porch is broken loose at one end, it is tilted and leaned tenderly against the siding by a few posts placed under the outer edge, and the gable angles are nibbled in a repititious design like tatting on old-fashioned underwear. Here and there a patch of leprous stucco has rotted away, exposing the pitiful lath ribs of the old dwelling.

It is mid-morning on the Street, in August. The air is strident with the cries of children and of goats, and in the front (and only) yard of Mama Moses' house the old lady's daughter-in-law is chopping the leaves off a heap of rhubarb stalks with a butcher-knife, using a stump for a table. 'Thuk,' goes the knife, and another leaf flops painfully to the ground. The long muscles ripple against the sleeves of Lina's dress as she stoops to pick up the stalks. It is not hard for her to stoop; Lina is a large soft woman with shape to her bigness and an animal agility.

Leon, the littlest one, is banging with a stick on the washtubs hung beside the door, his mouth a hole in his round face as he strains on tiptoe. Lina frowns, pushing her hair back from her forehead with the back of her hand. She opens her mouth to scold him, but stands listening instead.

There is a slow bumping sound indoors. Lina's frown deepens; she sticks the knife in the stump and sways up the steps in gelatinous haste.

"Mama," she calls, "Dat you? How many times I tell you not try da

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## The Tempo of The Storm

BY GWEN SNARR

I awoke with a start and then lay shivering. Try as hard as I would, I could not sleep. Like the battle of cannon the wind raged, the thunder boomed, and sheets of lightning irradiated everything. The very house quivered and jarred automatically. The trees of the avenue loomed up as gallows when I glanced at them through my window. Panicky, I pulled the covers over my head—arms akimbo—and curled up in my pajamas like a disturbed caterpillar. What possible means of escape did I have from such threatening danger!

Mental emotion made me physically strong. I vaulted from my bed, raced across the room, frantically clutched the door knob, and, once in the hall, groped my way along to burst hysterically into Mother and Father's room. She slept calmly. He, propped on elbow, was eagerly watching the storm. What reason was there for my fright? But I had to explain my presence in their room; so I falteringly whimpered, "I can't rest, I can't sleep, I'm afraid."

Father smiled and beckoned me to him. Almost immediately I relaxed. With certain degree of courage, even, I marched toward him, timing my steps to the tapping of the rain. I sat down on the edge of his bed, and he placed his arm reassuringly about my shoulder. (I always feel secure when I am sheltered by his protective arm.)

"I'm sorry," I said, "if I am disturbing you."

He didn't say anything, just smiled his approval. Quietly he slipped from his bed, and, together, we went and knelt by the open window to feel the wind, to watch for the spears of lightning, and to listen for the blasts of thunder we knew would follow. Together, we watched a brilliant performance of the stormy sky. At last, he said more to himself than to me, "harmony — order — proportion."

As we watched, the thunder and the lightning gradually became intermittent and distant. The wind once more was a refreshing breeze. The trees of the avenue swayed silently, their branches dripping the teeming rain. A fine, cool spray filtered through the screen to wash away forever my fear of a storm, to make me know that the tempo of storm is merely the tempo of music. I am sure that is what Father meant when he said "harmony — order — proportion."

## DOGMA

BY ASTRID ANDERSON

Stupid, arrogant, wilful men  
Preaching hate from your pulpits  
again.

"For God  
for country  
for freedom  
for might.

Fight and kill and hate for the  
right!"



# The Case Against Children



BY BERNARDINE TIVIS

Since the beginning of mankind in trees, caves, or wherever it was, there have been three types of people—those who love little children, those who are oblivious to them, and the "ah, to be pitied" class who are allergic to tiny tots. Unfortunately I belong to the latter group, for I become extremely uncomfortable when a small creature, dripping with licorice, climbs upon my lap cooing, "Tell me a story, Uncle Alice."

It has become habitual with me to be plagued by little children wherever I go. They must view me as an enemy alien to be eradicated at all cost. With this as a background, it is little wonder that the two weeks I spent as an instructor at a summer playground left me looking like something submerged in Hi-lex for five years.

For days I prepared for the fatal encounter. I scoured the public library and depleted every source of children's stories and games. For two full days, I stood before the hall mirror practicing proper facial expressions and voice qualities. I even convinced myself that this would be an enjoyable experience.

When the day came, I burst through the door radiating gladness and light with my arms loaded with story books and games. Cheerily I began with, "Good morning, children, and how would everyone like to hear a beautiful story full of little people and kings?" The stony silence of thirty-odd children to this query was to say the least unexpected, but I supposed that it was just their little peculiar way of showing their enthusiasm. Undaunted, I gathered them about me and began in my most gracious manner. For a while they listened in sullen silence, but this was too good to last. A decidedly unpleasant young voice came from the far corner, "Hey, teach, louder. I can't hear a word you're saying." I raised my voice to no avail, for by then stragglers had begun to bounce rubber balls on the wall over my head, and to hit each other with croquet mallets. In less than fifteen minutes I was left with one listener—a three year old busily tracing his hand on the floor in green color crayon.

The rest of the two weeks were a living inferno. Each night after being thoroughly drenched in liniment, I dreamed of demons named Helen, Robert, Tony and Elizabeth wearing hair ribbons and short trousers.

Once I was dragged into a soft-

ball game only to be evicted because they would rather play short-handed.

Even the feminine creatures refused to see me as anything but a rank outsider, hired only to set up games in the morning, and put them away at night. Whenever I advanced to their line position they curtly asked me to remove my foot from the wall between the kitchen and dining room.

In desperation one afternoon, I joined the three year old and began to trace my hand on the floor in green color crayon. When he looked up at me hostilely, I smiled feebly, but he didn't understand. He gathered his crayons and marched through the door.

My career was not as useless as it may seem, for the children discovered that I was extremely adept in recovering stray balls, hammering croquet stakes into hard earth, and threading needles.

My redemption came with the return of the regular teacher. She was greeted with open arms by all. The first thing that happened was a scamp-ering to gather in a group about her feet. Soon she was telling them a beautiful story about little people and kings.

As I slumped through the door, a dismal failure, I felt a tug at my hemline. It was the three year old. As a final gesture he took my hand and firmly pressed a green color crayon into it.

## Ladies:

### YOU TOO CAN HAVE A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

BY DOROTHY JEFFERSON

Nature has constructed an ideal playground in my backyard. Directly behind the house, there is a steep hill which is fine for coasting in the winter, but in the summer you scramble down in peril of somersaulting part of the way. At the foot of the hill lies a large garden, which overflows every summer with vegetables of every variety. The favorite trysting place, though, is just beyond the garden, extending about a fourth of a block from the garden to the river. This spot is a wild entanglement of tall, wide-spreading trees and dense bushes, which cut you off entirely from the outside world, and let you live in a world of make-believe. And here first my brothers, and then I, spent several glorious summers enjoying the rich verdure and the delightful coolness of the place.

About the time that I enjoyed playing there, my companion was a lively, red-headed girl named Marilyn. We spent hours there, acting out everything from Robin Hood to Little Women. The proximity of the garden afforded us a plentiful supply of luscious tomatoes and hard, crisp carrots whenever we were tired of playing and were the least bit hungry. Many is the half-raw, unappetizing mixture we ate with great pleasure although we would scornfully disdain anything twice as attractive at home.

I shall never forget an amusing, though painful experience that Marilyn and I had there. We were sitting on the ground, pondering what to do that particular afternoon. All at once, a bright idea came to Marilyn—we would make complexion masks. We had read in various advertisements that such treatment would guarantee a soft and smooth skin. We didn't know what ingredients made up this mask, but that seemed a trivial matter; we would concoct our own magic formula.

We scurried up the hill to the house, and brought back some flour, water, and lemon juice. After thoroughly mixing this, we argued a little over who was going to be first to have this

## That's How It Is

BY ILENE KAY SOMMERS

As if a day had never dawned,  
As if all were black as night.

That's how it is.

One hears of valleys and flowers  
and trees,

And one sees, but yea, only in dreams.

That's how it is.

That sound comes forth from above.

Or was it from afar? Never to know,  
really.

That's how it is.

You won't understand. How could  
you?

No one ever does—but

That's how it is.

sticky, pasty mass applied. Finally I yielded, and Marilyn patted it all over my face. I then gave her the same treatment.

While we were waiting for this wonderful mixture to dry, we talked over the possible results of our grand idea. We fully expected our complexions would become as lovely as you read about in soap advertisements. We discussed going into this business professionally.

Meanwhile, the mixture was becoming hard and crusty. Our expressions seemed to freeze on our faces. The harder the mixture became, the more it contracted and pinched our skin. At this time, we were very uncomfortable. At last, we decided that it was time to remove the mask, and such a time we did have! "Ouch" followed "ouch" as we pulled off piece after piece. (I was reminded of this experience years later when we were making a plaster of Paris mold of the face of a high school boy. Something wasn't just right, and a good share of his eyebrows were pulled off in the process.)

After the last pieces were removed, we stared at one another in utter amazement. Our faces were red and sore, but otherwise unchanged. We disgustedly threw the remains of our experiment into the river and reflected on the general cruelty of the world. It was not long, though, before we realized the humor of the situation

## ADVENTURE OF THE LOST LODGER

BY ROBERT FARAGHER

The dirty, narrow streets were deserted. A strong wind raced across the housetops from the west, and swooped down into the streets, disturbing the litter on the pavements. The sky was the black of a cavern, broken only by faint traces of light on the eastern horizon. It was early morning, and in a couple of hours the sun would rise. A solitary policeman walked his beat, swinging his club listlessly.

From the alleyway behind a row of gray, three-storied residences, emerged a small gray-haired man. He walked quickly and firmly, and there was in his walk a certain jauntiness that belied his age. A black sedan, with motor running, was stationed at the end of the block and the man got in. With a low murmur, the engine turned over and the automobile sped through the deserted streets.

Mrs. McCarthy slowly ascended the

steps of 2046 23rd Street. The eastern sky was growing light. Soon the sun would send its rays over the housetops of the city and the day would begin. Mrs. McCarthy's day began at 5:30, rain or shine, winter or summer. For ten years, since the year her husband died, she had trod the steps of 2046 23rd Street. She would open the front door, walk heavily to the end of the hall, and into the kitchen. She would then proceed to prepare breakfast for Mr. Harold C. Pelletier, her employer, and, upon Mr. Pelletier's leaving-for work, would clean up his rooms.

Harold C. Pelletier was a very particular man. In this age of soft collars and unmatched coats and trousers, Pelletier wore the starched collars and black single-breasted suits of two decades ago. The neighborhood saw him little, but it was the collective opinion of Mrs. McCarthy's friends that Harold C. Pelletier was "a queer

one." Mrs. McCarthy herself strengthened this theory by some very interesting observations regarding the habits of her employer.

"He is a queer one," she would say to a group of housewives. "He raises an awful fuss whenever he spots a speck o' dirt. If it wasn't for the wages he pays, I'd go som'eres else."

Mrs. McCarthy would pause and her eyes light up. "But that man *does* have the money. Once—" and her voice lowered to a conspirator's whisper—"Once, when I was cleaning the front room, a man called and with my own eyes I seen Mr. Pelletier pay him—from his pocket, mind—one hundred dollars!"

Her listeners would gasp, and in every mind floated visions of a remarkably benevolent Mr. Pelletier paying out \$100 bills to the housewives of 23rd Street.

Mrs. McCarthy put the coffee on



## - - The Lost Lodger

and rummaged in the cupboard for the necessary ingredients to bake a waffle. Every morning, except Sunday, Mr. Pelletier consumed one waffle, an egg and his cup of coffee. On Sundays he would have bacon. She glanced at the clock and set the small dining room table. Then she rested on the high kitchen stool and gazed complacently at the stove.

When the breakfast was ready, she walked up the one flight of stairs to a door at the head of the stairway and knocked.

"Your breakfast is ready—sir," Mrs. McCarthy resented the "sir," but years of insistence by Mr. Pelletier had forced her to use it. Even now she hesitated before saying the word, and would intone it in a slow and deliberate manner which she thought to be sarcasm.

She stomped down the narrow stairway, and put the food on the table.

Fifteen minutes passed. Mrs. McCarthy was disturbed. Mr. Pelletier was always punctual. True, during the last week he had been a few minutes late, and had declared to an astonished Mrs. McCarthy that "late hours never hurt anyone," a statement of which that lady had never believed her punctual, early-rising employer to be capable. She hesitated no longer and hurriedly climbed the stairs. Her knocks and cries outside his door went unanswered. She tried the door and found it locked.

Now Mrs. McCarthy was a woman of imagination. Her reading tastes had long been diverted into one channel—mystery stories. Often she would frighten a sensitive 23rd Street with her lurid recitations of a pulp magazine's latest horror story.

When, then, she found herself on the outside of a locked door, no sound emanating from within, she began to visualize a drawn and quartered Mr. Pelletier, his pockets rifled and bed stained with blood.

She went downstairs and across the alley to a neighbor's house, with the purpose of telephoning the police—Mr. Pelletier had never installed a telephone.

Mrs. McCarthy breathlessly called the police, and to the aroused and curious family explained the situation.

"The door was locked, and not a sound came from the room. My! But I'll bet he's been murdered. Probably laying there now, poor thing, with a dagger stickin' in him. He had a lot of money, you know." She paused and sighed. "My! But he was a good employer! He'd pay better'n anybody in the neighborhood for the amount of work."

The city police did not disappoint Mrs. McCarthy. They pulled up to the curb at 2046 23rd Street with sirens screaming. Mrs. McCarthy was there to meet them, well aware of the curious eyes of 23rd Street, peering from behind curtained windows. She escorted the police up the steps to the bedroom door of Mr. Pelletier.

With a hard blow of a club the lock was smashed, and the door flew open. Mrs. McCarthy struggled and squeezed in the room just ahead of the four policemen. Her eyes sought

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## At The Lakeshore

BY FLORENCE HERRMAN

Clothed in a white massive sheet of ice and snow, Big Pine Lake is robbed of the natural beauty which it so eagerly displayed during the gentle summertime. The frosty tongue of winter relentlessly laps it into a blinding white field. The tiny gray fish shacks which are peppered here and there appear as tombstones in a large cemetery. The only sign of life is the energetic puffs of smoke surging from the solid piece of oak being burnt in the fish houses.

The desolate trees surrounding the shoreline are stripped of their deep green foliage. As a savage northwest wind whistles through the ice-covered branches, a gust of loose snow is whipped into our faces. The loud crack of the ice gives evidence of the blistering cold weather that sharply stings our faces, hands, and feet.

With the coming of the robins, Big Pine slowly but eagerly comes back to life. Warm sunshine converts it into a brimming ocean of blue. By mid-May, the buds have blossomed into their fullest glory. The deep green of the pine trees, mixed with the lighter shade of elm leaves, presents a pleasing display of color harmony. When viewed from a steep hill which is a mile distant, Big Pine looks as if it had been dropped from the sky and snugly nestled in a deep oblong hollow. It resembles a bright blue blanket, and it is fringed with a patch of oak and elm trees, with a few jackpine in the background. Occasionally, the mischievous wind plays havoc, and the calm water becomes spotted with angry whitecaps that seem to be playing hide

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## When Lovers Meet

BY INEZ RAFF

There's a certain stillness that engulfs the air,  
A certain peace that takes away  
The cares of time  
When lovers meet.

I feel a quiet joy within myself;  
And yet I'm but an extra part  
And stand unseen  
When lovers meet.

An inner glow shines from their eyes  
And seems to light the room  
And make it warm,  
When lovers meet.

When lovers meet  
We see that life holds more for us  
Than anyone can tell,  
And we reform within us, and  
Relight our hope in fellow men.

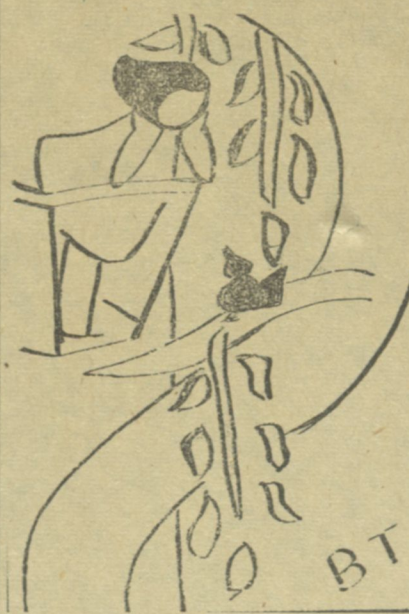
When lovers meet  
Their happiness is true, and seems to  
tell us  
To be glad with them,  
And start anew and find the peace  
That now is theirs.

We walk away and leave them there  
To the great joy  
That is their own,  
When lovers meet.

## Fire Escape Nature Study

BY JOANNE HART

Back in the days when our dormitories were dormitories rather than barracks, fire escapes were used primarily for shaking rugs. In pursuit of this menial task one fine Saturday in early May, I made an acquaintance and forthwith became an ardent



## - - Hunting Trip

(Continued from Page One)

ered my weapon, snapped the lock, and squeezed the trigger. Blinded and numb from the recoil, the din, and the smoke, I was dimly aware of my brother's excited voice shrilling in my ear, "You got 'im! You got 'im!"

I hopefully marched in the direction the bird had flown, and to my joy found him, lifeless but still beautiful. I gazed down at him with a curious weight in my heart as I thought that I had been responsible for his fall. The excitement and happiness of my brother soon wore my conscience thin, and I picked up the lifeless body of the lovely bird, and swaggered proudly home.

When we reached our house, we both realized how hungry we were, and we stampeded in to a worried but now relieved mother and to an enormous supper. We vowed to go out the next morning, but mother only smiled and suggested that we were tired and had better go to bed.

Before the mantle of sleep covered us, we lay and whispered, mulling over the events of the day and of the new day in prospect. Finally, our heads filled with the indescribably delightful picture of well-done pheasant, we fell asleep.

## EVENING

BY MONROE BALKENOL

Noisy monsters screeching loudly,  
Bringing torture to my head—  
Stop your howling;  
Whistles blowing—  
Stop or you will wake the dead.  
Early evening; sun is setting.  
Beautiful the home-bound scene.  
Pasture's empty;  
Herd of twenty—  
All is quiet and serene.

proponent of an amateur course in fire escape nature study.

From the clouds of dust settling below my extended rug came explosive sounds as one of the ten thousand campus English sparrows rose to protest. Perched on a step of the fire escape he vigorously shook from his plumage all traces of the dust particles, vociferating loudly on the carelessness of the human race. His diminutive wife strutting on the top of the building across the way tossed a comment across the aperture now and then to soothe his ruffled feelings. Shamelessly I listened in; thus began the first lesson of an amateur fire-escape naturalist.

As a loud clear song suddenly pierces the air, a brilliant patch of color against the green foliage of a nearby cottonwood presents an enchanting picture. The rich orange hue which covers its breast, the lustrous black of its head, the combination of light and dark flashes as it flits from branch to branch, unmistakably identify a Baltimore oriole. Who could not lose himself in gazing on such a bewildering display of artistry in color—an oriole in May? Each movement of the bird brings a new thrill of rapture, as, proud of its plumage, it makes no attempt to hide but sways on the outermost extension of a branch, singing vigorously. As it flutters its wings, and soars off, a receding patch of brilliance, the spectator feels a surge of loss.

What realms of beauty these two lofty and expansive poplars conceal! What myriads of feathered creatures spend their hours screened from sight by the trembling leaves! Babbles of chirps and warbles assure the listener of their presence. A sparrow darts from nowhere toward the denser portion of the tree. As he alights, a tiny vireo, startled by the intrusion, flits into view. Quickly it takes refuge behind a broad green leaf, and seems to disappear; but a high melodious song reveals its place of hiding. A queer dialogue takes place as a periodic chirp from the far side of the tree is reverberated by the warbling of the vireo. Again and again the calls are repeated.

A large body of blackness moves in through the rustling greenness, as the hoarse cry of a grackle interrupts the dialogue. Almost immense seems the visitor to the mind still impressed by the recent glimpse of a tiny vireo. His metallic plumage glints and changes hue in the sunlight as he poses before the silent observer. With his loud, grating note he suddenly swoops off again.

Below, on a dandelion-dotted campus, robins placidly peck for worms; one flutters up to a low branch of the poplar, expanding in an optimistic solo. Chimney swifts beat their wings rapidly and squeak excitedly as they race back and forth overhead. A mourning dove, perched on the roof across the way, utters his low plaintive call. Above skies are enchantingly blue beneath puffs of cottony clouds. A flash of brilliance, and the oriole returns to climax a scene of delight.



## - - Mama Moses

(Continued from Page One)

steps widout I help you? Ai, one time you fall, and den' too late to listen" Lina does not sound as if she expected Mama Moses to obey her; her words are as habitual as the half-hearted complaint of the screen door.

There are more bumpings and draggings, accompanied by the running stream of Lina's tirade, and then she re-emerges, herding before her a little old toad of a woman in black, and carrying a black tin suitcase easily upon her hip.

"Out again today, is', in da hot sun? She too old to do da stairs alone, but Mama pull' trunk tru' da street any strong man walk away from, leave stand'. You t'ink you horse, Mama?"

Weak-eyed in the morning light, Mama Moses is indeed old—old and yellowed. Her face under the head shawl is curiously boneless, like a wad of chewing gum; the hands resting on her walking stick are as knotted and grained as its wood, and the shoes visible beneath her tubular dress are slit across the instep and unlaced to accommodate painfully twisted feet.

Leon, the little one, runs up to her, clutching at her shawl, at her stick. Putting her hand on the top of his round head, the old lady bends and speaks to the child in a soft foreign tongue. He turns and trots obediently away, returning with a large green coaster wagon.

"So stubborn, you!" pants Lina as she hoists the suitcase onto the wagon and surrenders the handle to Mama Moses. "Take on' da kids wit' today, Mama, to pull da wagon. Joey! Joey, come—"

"No." Mama Moses raises an imperious hand. "Wan' go lone." The old lady's speech is hoarsely soft, almost a whisper.

"Hah! Sense no good, huh?" Lina sulks. "Here, Leon, hep gran'mama. Push—here at da back." Resigned, the swart daughter-in-law launches Mama Moses and her wagon upon the cracked sidewalk of the Street, and with a shrug goes back to her rhubarb and her butcherknife.

Mrs. Poyser was annoyed when she heard the knock at the back door, but when her son called from the living room, "For Pete's sake, Mom, answer the door!" she put down her hand mirror and her mascara brush and left the bedroom, pivoting briefly before the hall mirror, stomach pulled in, before she went out to the kitchen.

The wall clock's hands were at ten-thirty, but the table in the breakfast nook still showed evidences of the morning meal.

Mrs. Poyser did not go directly to the door, but crossing to the window above the sink, peered out slantwise through the red-dotted curtains, holding them aside with a practiced hand.

"Ugh—that foul old Syrian woman again!" These words were directed over her shoulder at the mused figure of her adolescent son, who had come into the room squinting petulantly, the morning paper dragging from his fingers.

"Harve, for heaven's sake go out there and get her off my back porch before she makes off with the garden hose or the clothespin bag, or something."

"Ah, come on now, Mom. Let her sit

## North Africa Incident

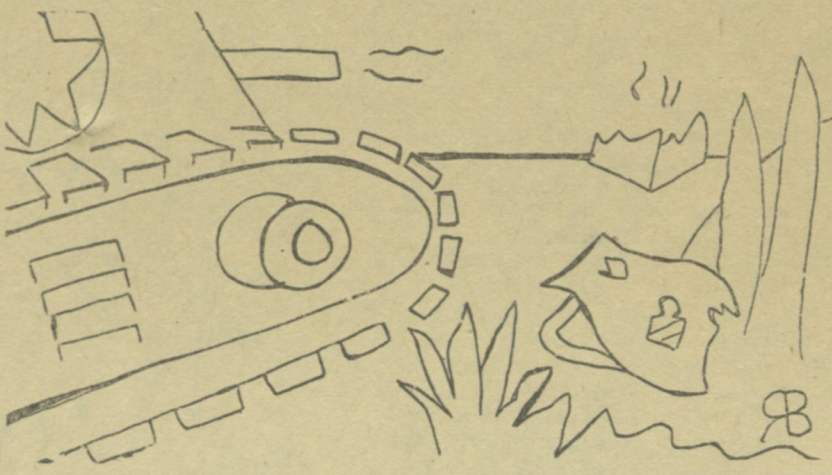
BY LEONARD JOHNSON

Corporal Dave Malcolm was unusually quiet. The members of his platoon engaged in cleaning guns and rearranging mess kits, glanced his way from time to time wonderingly, but in consideration of his mood asked no questions.

The day had been like many others since the 47th had been whisked ashore at Casablanca in the face of

arms soon ceased to excite the men of the 47th. Corporal Dave Malcolm with his platoon were molded into one compact unit, bound together by miles of long weary marches, mutual dependence and pride in the 47th.

But now, at the close of a routine day, Dave sat apart from his men, his dusty combat helmet pushed back from a forehead creased with thoughtful lines.



half-spirited French resistance. At first there was the feeling of unreasoning fear and bewilderment, as the flat-bottomed, heavily-armored barges made their way toward the shore, packed with troops tense with excitement, gripping gun-stocks with nervous fingers. From the rear came the heavy, thunderous roar as the convoying fleet sent a murderous protective barrage screaming toward the shore defenses. In front lay the hazy outline of white buildings and tall pines, from the foreground of which appeared white puffs of smoke and flashes of flame as the French guns answered those of the fleet. Huge waterspouts rose on all sides of the troop-laden barges. Some did not miss, then heavy explosives, from the center of which a mighty hand threw bits of wreckage and twisted bodies out upon the surrounding water.

Then the stumbling rush up the beach; the brisk, but brief, encounters with the French garrison, a mere token resistance, and Casablanca was under the American flag. The sights which met the eyes of the conquering Yanks were confused and strange—low, square white buildings with arched entrances—dark, bearded faces crowned with the spherical black fez—narrow streets with crowds of people engaged noisily in bargaining at open markets, a riot of nationality—the babble of strange tongues—here a group of Frenchmen excitedly discussing the occupation, gesticulating—around a sharp corner of the street, more Frenchmen wildly cheering, throwing kisses, finally breaking into the stirring "Marseillaise" with tears rolling down their cheeks.

Then eastward toward Tunisia. Now for the first time began actual contact with the Germans. Their resistance, unlike that of the French, was dogged. Here, in the hilly country that is Northwest Africa, began the real business of war, and the 47th got its baptism of fire. nemy shellfire, the roar of approaching "Mark IV's," the bomb bursts and the crackle of small

His blue eyes wore a brooding look not in keeping with his usual cheerful expression. His large, square hand clenched and unclenched around some small metal object. This evening he was definitely not the Dave Malcolm whose sunburnt face was generally split by a wide, twisted grin.

"He's been acting like that ever since he got back from that reconnaissance trip to that wadi this afternoon," volunteered "Rio" Grande, a snub-nosed little Texan who was Dave's closest companion. "He's never gotten the blues before as long as I've known him. Something must have happened. Let's go see if we can bring him out of it."

Trying to appear casual, he sauntered over to the Jeep where Dave sat with his back against the machine, gazing moodily at the brown sand before him.

"Them beans finally get the best of you?" asked Rio, slapping his pal on the shoulder.

Dave appeared startled. With a weak attempt at a comeback he mumbled something about beans not being able to faze his cast iron stomach.

"Come on, Dave, snap out of it. We still love you," came Rio's worried voice. "Why'n'tcha tell us about it?"

Looking into the friendly, concerned ring of faces about him, Dave relaxed a little, though his mood was unchanged. His answer came slowly, hesitatingly, "I—killed a German today." Noting the questioning look on his pal's face, he went on, "Sure, I've probably shot some before, but that was at long range. This was different, somehow. I was ordered to take a reconnaissance trip into that little wadi a couple miles ahead. I was walking along the bottom of the creek bed trying to find a high bank where I could have a look for German mortar nests, when I came face to face with this Heinie. We were both pretty surprised. I shot him."

"I've always wondered what it was like killing a man, ever since I joined

(Continued to Page Eight)

## - - Mama Moses

there. She'll get bored after a couple of hours and go away."

"Harve! Go on now, and tell her we don't want anything."

Harve went, shutting the door with exaggerated carefulness. Mrs. Poyser immediately made for her station at the window, straining a little to see the tableau outside, her tongue poised avidly on her lower lip. She couldn't see Harve very clearly, but Mama Moses was sitting on the steps almost facing the window, her hands curled around the handle of her wagon, her shawl-swaddled head turned painfully up to the boy standing over her.

Mrs. Poyser could see Harve's arm gesturing negligently; the old woman looked down, saying something, while she carefully rubbed her palm back and forth over the wagon handle.

Harve moved into range, his hands in his pockets now. The old lady raised her head in a turtle-like motion directly toward the window, and Mrs. Poyser ducked back against the drainboard. When she dared draw the curtain aside again, Harve was lounging down the steps. Mama Moses rose painfully, bracing herself with one hand on the foot-scraper, the other on her knee, and began to fumble with the fastenings of the tin suitcase. It fell open, crocheted doilies and embroidery work spilling over the side of the wagon onto the cement walk. Hands trembling with confusion, Mama Moses retrieved the bits of cloth, smoothing them one by one against the front of her dress. Harve nudged a dresser scarf from the ground with his foot and caught it expertly, passing it to the old lady with a kindly gesture.

When Harve came back into the kitchen, Mrs. Poyser was laughing helplessly, wiping her eyes at intervals on a dishtowel.

"Harve! Oh Harve, did you see her! When all that trash fell out of her suitcase, she looked just like a mudhen diving for whatever they do dive for! Just exactly!"

"Ah for Pete's sake, Mom, what do you want to laugh at the old woman for, anyway?"

"Well! Is that any way to talk to your mother? If you're going to start being kind to old ladies, you'd better begin at home. What on earth were you doing out there so long? All you had to do was tell her I didn't want any—"

"Ah for Pete's sake, Mom! Here." Harve dragged at his pocket, pulling out a woman's handkerchief, white, with a bright blue border. "Present for you." He tossed it at his mother and made sheepishly for the living room.

"Harve! For heaven's sake, where did you get this? Did she give it to you?"

Harve stuck his head back into the kitchen. "Bargain," he said. "Cost a nickel."

"Oh, Harve, for heaven's sake. You fathead. What did you want to go and do something like that for? Now she'll hang around more than ever."

"Ah, Mom, have a heart. I made her cry."

Wilbur was checking crates of fruit when the old woman came in, bending over the boxes jotting with a stub pencil. He pretended to be busier than he really was to avoid waiting on her.

(Continued to Page Six)



## THOUGHTS WHILE CRAMMING

BY ASTRID ANDERSON

Cram it in; jam it in.  
Read it and learn it.  
One a. m., Two a. m.,  
Three a. m., Four.  
Why didn't I ever learn this before?  
Pages of this and pages of that—  
Can't even tell where the hell  
I am at. Books galore  
All over the floor.  
Next term, maybe I'll learn  
To do my lessons  
Day by day. I'm sure  
That is the only way. So I'll say  
no more,  
Why didn't I ever do this before?

## The Lost Lodger

(Continued From Page Three)

for the body of her employer.  
The tall, heavy-set policeman who  
had smashed open the door snorted.  
"Where's the body, lady?"

Mrs. McCarthy sat down in the one  
chair. For once she was completely  
at a loss for words. Her mind was  
still trying to grasp the fact that Mr.  
Pelletier was not murdered in his  
bedroom. The policemen perfunctorily  
pulled out drawers, poked in the closets  
and disturbed the contents of  
the waste paper basket.

They asked Mrs. McCarthy ques-  
tions regarding the missing man and  
then climbed into their automobile,  
after cautioning Mrs. McCarthy "not  
to say anything."

But the city police department  
might just as well have tried to stop  
an eruption of Vesuvius. Mrs. McCar-  
thy spread the story up, down and  
around 23rd Street. Again and again  
she rolled her tongue over the de-  
lectable phrases—"I knocked and  
knocked and not a word came back.  
My! I sez to myself, but somethin's  
wrong here."—"and when they busted  
the door open he wasn't there! Just  
up and left! Kidnapped, I'll bet!"  
Her listeners, wide-eyed, jumped at  
the word. Mrs. McCarthy noticed the  
effect with considerable pleasure.  
"Yes, kidnapped! He had money, all  
right. Why shouldn't some of them  
gangs you're reading about go after  
him?" And she stared triumphantly  
at the group.

The newspapers were quick to get  
the story. And, due in part to the  
character and business of the depart-  
ed Mr. Pelletier, and in part to the  
scarcity of "hot copy," they played  
the story up. Harold C. Pelletier had  
been for twenty-five years an un-  
imposing but important figure on the  
administrative staff of the City Bank.  
He had donated money and time to  
the improvement of the city, and it  
was only his retiring habits and dis-  
like of publicity which had kept him  
from the public eye.

Reporters, autograph hounds, and  
people seeking the mysterious and  
unusual thronged the sidewalk of  
23rd Street. A few doors away, a  
group of them had found Mrs. Mc-  
Carthy and were listening to that il-  
lustrious woman declare her pet the-  
ory—"Kidnapped, he was"—and the  
young reporters would scribble unin-  
telligible notes and scurry off to a  
telephone.

That evening the *Daily Record* car-  
(Continued to Page Seven)

## Aunt Ethel's Art

BY CHARLOTTE NEWBERRY

"Well, how do you like it?" beamed  
my aunt enthusiastically, and point-  
ed to a worn, once silver tray cover-  
ed with the relics of a well-battered  
silver service.

Always had I held the greatest re-  
gard for Aunt Ethel's judgment; but  
looking in dismay at the object of her  
obvious ardor, it struck me that my  
honorable aunt had gone suddenly  
mad.

"And furthermore," she said, the  
whole thing is quadruple plate."

The remark missed its aim. I didn't  
understand, there was only one thing  
I wanted to understand.

"Where did you get it?" said I,  
"and what do you intend to do with  
it?"

It seemed that upon the comple-  
tion of a certain business transaction  
(Aunt Ethel is a business woman) that  
the customer found himself in finan-  
cial straits, and left Aunt Ethel the  
choice of taking the old silver or  
nothing. Truthfully, I couldn't see  
much difference, but Aunt Ethel was  
daunted. She was already deter-  
mined to send the thing, within the  
day, to a plating company for repairs.

Two weeks later I received a mys-  
terious telephone call.

"Are you coming downtown this af-  
ternoon?" asked my aunt. "Then stop  
in the office. I want to see you for  
a minute."

When I arrived, she led me imme-  
diately to a back room and stepped  
aside. I looked. I looked again in  
utter amazement. Gracefully poised  
on a table, where it glimmered and  
shone in the sunlight, stood a silver  
service, excelled by none I had ever  
seen, though I recognized it as the  
transformation of the old wreck I had  
so recently seen. I had to exclaim in  
spite of myself.

"And, do you know," said Aunt Ethel,  
"that Mr. Cartwright says that I  
could sell it right now for a profit!  
But I wouldn't want to sell my first  
one."

"Your first one?" Up went my eye-  
brows.

"Yes," she nodded. "This has me  
so fascinated I'm going to keep my  
eye peeled for every likely looking re-  
lic. You know,—I wonder if in the  
attic—"

And that is the innocent way in  
which started a mania.

"I'd like to visit Mr. Cartwright's  
Plating Company," said Aunt Ethel,  
some days later.

We had made the trip to the city  
in which he was located, and were  
walking down its broad main avenue.

"Let's find out where the place is,"  
said I, "and I'll go with you."

No sooner were the words pro-  
nounced than the act was performed,  
and we found ourselves following a  
dark flight of steps down below the  
street. Inside, a dog's warning bark  
made us pause hesitantly on the  
threshold, but after looking us over  
and deciding, apparently, that we were  
both harmless and uninteresting, he  
stalked off, leaving us to enter un-  
molested.

The basement room was gray and  
dismal, piled on all sides with bruised  
and blackened pieces of silver, worse

looking, even, than Aunt Ethel's sil-  
ver service had been. On one side was  
a rough, wooden counter, and there  
we waited, until, carrying several  
beautifully repaired silver cake bas-  
kets, Mr. Cartwright emerged from a  
back workroom and approached the  
counter. I was mildly surprised. I  
hadn't quite expected to see him as  
he was,—a little, thin, bespectacled  
man near seventy, of sparsely settled  
hair, and large jaw, wearing a black  
vest. So submissive he appeared, that  
I couldn't help thinking of Mr. Cart-  
wright and this cellar workshop a lit-  
tle as one thinks of a tiny mole and  
his dark, little tunnel, and wondered  
if he, too, were blinded by daylight.

In the minutes that followed I al-  
tered my opinion, of necessity, as you  
will see.

It was no time at all until we all  
felt acquainted,—how could it be oth-  
erwise?—for Aunt Ethel and Mr. Cart-  
wright are conversationalists and  
philosophers. We followed him into  
a room of shelves and tables blanket-  
ed by the innumerable repaired silver  
pieces ready for shipping to their  
owners, and still others available for  
sale. Lovingly, Mr. Cartwright touch-  
ed a piece here and there and told us  
its special story. We were enthralled  
—time was forgotten until the bark-  
ing of the dog jarred us to memory,  
and we bid Mr. Cartwright goodbye,  
promising to come soon again; leaving  
him to another customer, we climbed  
out of his little world back into the  
world of reality.

Aunt Ethel was laden with one of  
the silver cake baskets, and a tall,  
graceful chocolate pot. Her collec-  
tion was growing. We enthusiastically  
agreed that not in a long time had  
we spent so pleasant an afternoon.

The fever hasn't lessened. For over  
a year now, Aunt Ethel makes regu-  
lar pilgrimages to every attic, good  
will center, second hand store, an-  
tique shop, and rummage sale with-  
in a radius of 400 miles. Worse than  
that, the fever is catching. It's strick-  
en all the aunts, uncles, and cousins.  
Even I can't walk peaceably past a  
second hand store any more. I ha-  
bitually strain my eyes for any sug-  
gestion or hint that the place houses  
a piece, however small, of old silver.  
Really, it's grown embarrassing. It's  
reached the point where I uncon-  
sciously tip upside down every piece of  
silver I see, no matter where I am, in  
search of a familiar trade mark.

Recently, we looked over her collec-  
tion together.

"You certainly have some lovely  
things," I exclaimed, but where in  
the world are you going to put them  
all if you accumulate much more?"

Next day it happened. A huge,  
glass doored case mysteriously arrived  
at the front door. True, it shows off  
the pieces to fine advantage; the only  
trouble was that all the furniture in  
the house had to be moved to find a  
place for the case!

I hear that the Methodist ladies are  
having a rummage sale next week. On  
that day I shall pilot Aunt Ethel to  
and from work, engaging her in ab-  
sorbing conversation all the way lest  
she see the sign and bolt madly  
through the streets, before I can stop  
her, shouting, "Hi, Ho—Silver!!"

## TO SPRING

BY INEZ RAFF

When the dawn of spring unveils  
itself  
Before the earth,  
And life seems stirred within  
To find the hidden wonders  
Which are all about,  
I love to seek some pattern for a  
dormant urge  
Left sleeping during winter's lengthy  
night.

As Apollo's rays lie glittering  
Upon the melting snow,  
And Ceres steals across the earth  
with care  
Surveying wood and lane.  
For summer crops,  
I close my eyes and hopes for fu-  
ture days  
Are all accomplished in the sunny  
glow.

Across a bright horizon  
In a distant light,  
Where time seems real,  
And clouds are out of sight  
To let one's dreams come true,  
I see my future as an open book  
With rosy pages lined in yellow  
gold.

I try to see the letters  
That are there before my sight,  
But every time I lift my eyes to  
read  
The light is gone  
And all the glow is lost.  
I close them tight again.  
But all I have is memory.

A gust of winter wind blows care-  
lessly  
Across the path,  
And back to truth  
My wandering spirit flies  
From travels in a hidden realm.  
I see the fields about me wreathed  
in light  
And know the sun has just begun  
its yearly task.

It's spring I feel,  
With all its hope and ardor,  
Life is new,  
And dreams are at their highest  
peak  
Awaiting my decisions.  
My mental self returns to earth  
again,  
But I possess a new determination  
only spring can give.

## Holy Bigotry

BY JEAN RUTKOWSKI

He chased blind beauty into night's  
sight  
To rid the day of egotist light.  
He threw the wantons far from him  
To free himself and his related kin.  
He scourged liars with a million  
stripes  
To muffle unlabeled strumpets' lips.  
He deemed death for gluttons and  
greeds  
To end propagating incestuous  
seeds.  
All this he judged, then doomed to  
die.  
So ridding the earth of its rotted  
cry  
It might be eternally held in favor,  
That he alone could be credited  
'saviour,'  
Knowing not in his plumed shell  
Whether his Maker thought him as  
well.



## - - Mama Moses

(Continued from Page Four)

He hated waiting on people, but old ladies were the worst. All old ladies. The dirty ones and the ones that wore gloves and earrings. They had a look of decay about them that was repellent to Wilbur, their skins gently withered like vegetables that have been out in the show window too long. They smelled of decay, too, even under the dainty scent that some of them smeared on out of bottles; they made Wilbur think of the cloying reek of over-ripe bananas, though it was nothing like that, of course. Wilbur wished he was out driving the delivery truck.

But with most of the other clerks out to lunch, the old woman was left to hesitate in the front of the store. Finally she saw him, and Wilbur knew he was caught. He stepped forward ingratiatingly and said, "Anything I can do for you, lady?"

"Pleas, some nuss-cake," the old woman said.

"Nusscake? Sorry, I don't think we got any. I never heard of that."

"No, no—Nuss-cake." The old woman gestured vaguely, then decisively as her eye caught a display of cellophane-wrapped baked goods. "Like dat."

Wilbur gingerly extracted a gummy almond-studded cake from the rack. "Thirty cents," he said sharply, recoiling inwardly from the extended claw with the money in it.

He watched the old woman as she hobbled out. She had a wagon with her, huddled in the shade of the awning. Now she sat down in it, pushing a suitcase over to make room, and began peeling the wrapper from the cake.

Wilbur choked and went back to the butcher's counter. He leaned against the cool glass of the refrigerator case.

"Say, did you see that jeezly old woman in the black dress that just went outa here?"

"Yeah?" the butcher paused and squinted at a tray of meat he was arranging. He looked like a piece of his own pork trussed up in a white apron. "Yeah?"

"Well, do you know what she wanted? Nuss-cakes!" Wilbur was convulsed. The butcher surveyed him coldly. "Nuss-cakes, get it? And she paid for 'em with a ten dollar bill! Say—maybe she wanted ten bucks worth, huh? Ten bucks worth of nuss-cakes!" Wilbur went back to his checking, wagging his head gleefully at the scope of his own wit.

Burton Wilder, cashier in the Merchants City bank, had one eye on the clock as he automatically doled out bills and change to a succession of hands reaching through the grillwork cage. Twenty to three. "Indorse it please." Grubby hands, both the women's and the men's—hands of farmers with earth ground under the nails pushing cream checks at him; hands of women with rings on them and little lines of dirt along the knuckle creases. "Other window, please." Fifteen to three. Undulations of heat rose from the paving outside and lapped against the plate glass front.

A spidery old woman in black pulled a wagon with a suitcase on it along in front of the windows, pressing close against the building to make the most of its meager shade. She walked slowly, and in the palpitating heat her face was muddy with fatigue.

Instead of passing on down the under her shawl.

## Late Fall—1942

BY ASTRID ANDERSON

The bleak, gray branches  
Reach up into a paler, bleak, gray sky.

The bare frozen earth  
Is dingy and uncovered by snow.  
The future is also bleak and gray  
As the peoples of a war torn world pray  
"Oh, God, Let us have peace".

street, she turned in at the entrance; he could hear fumbling at the door, trying to push it in instead of pulling it out. So many fool people did that. You would think any moron could see it was supposed to ovrk the other way.

She brought the wagon in with her, coaxing it through the doorway while the fetid air of the street flowed in around her. The wheels of her wagon rumbled on the tiles, and he thought, better tell the old crone to stop making so much noise, before JP hears her.

But before he reached the gate in the counter, J. P. Symonds emerged from his office in an executive aura of cigars and starched linens. Wilder stopped short and busily pawed over a spindle of papers on the ledge, watching surreptitiously.

The bank president, to Wilder's surprise, greeted the old lady warmly, and deferentially herded her into his office, parking the wagon beside the door.

"Hey, Vince." Wilder paused behind the chair of the accountant. "Who was that old woman with the wagon? The one that just came in?"

"Hell, don't you know Mama Moses?" Vince pushed back and stretched luxuriously. "I thought everybody in town had her history. Old woman owns half the real estate on the North side, but she lives down in some stinking hole near the NP roundhouse. Been here forever, I guess." He glanced at the suitcase-laden wagon. "Looks as if she's been on an inspection tour, doesn't it?"

Mama Moses is pulling her wagon home through the gathering dusk. She is very tired, suspended in a vacuum of age and great weariness. Behind her, the sky over the railroad yards is colored a pale delicate green like the inside of a melon rind, and the noises of the town are subdued and conversational.

Turning into the Street, she stops a moment to rest. The smells, the sounds of her domain reach out to meet her, with soothing palms of familiarity. Mint growing forgotten makes the night clean with its brisk tang, wasting itself lavishly to rise above the pervading frank earthiness of garlic and refuse heaps. From the barber's house come the hearty sounds of a beating, whose, Mama Moses does not much care. It is a simple, natural clamor to her, not a thing to incite curiosity.

Down at the end of the block, the house where Mama Moses lives poses its balustrades and cupolas in senile coquettishness against the lucent deepening grays behind. A star turns on, suddenly.

With a muffled thud of bare feet, the littlest one comes trotting down the Street to meet her. Mama Moses stands and waits, smiling to herself

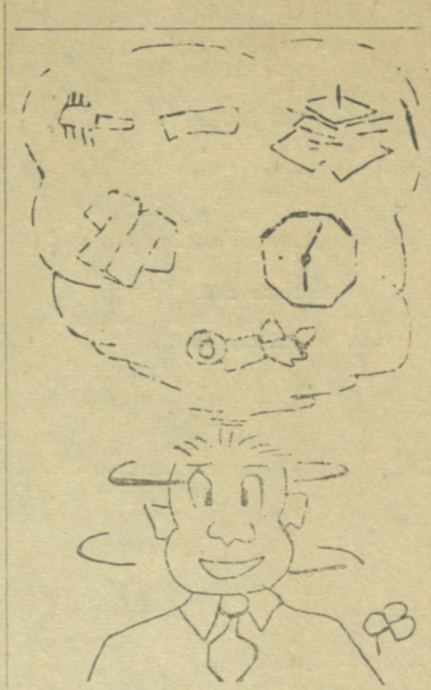
## Modern Economic Farce

BY O. J. AUSTIN

Progress and civilization are words often appearing in close association. To judge the correctness and validity of such an association, it would be necessary to conduct vast research. However, a suggestion, accurately drawn from a cross-section of the middle class, may clarify in a little way, the beautiful, suggestive haze which envelopes this fallacy of association.

The life of an average human of the middle class is filled with incidents which reveal much in examination. To visualize some of these little events, picture the daily life of Mr. Average.

One of the first functions in the normal day of Mr. Average is the morning shave. His implements are



similar to those in general use. By what method does Mr. Average select these everyday essentials? The razor is probably of a brand extensively and scientifically advertised. His blades, of necessity, will be of the same brand for best results. His shaving cream is just a substance with several substances incorporated. If it lathers well, costs about what he wishes to pay, and gives off an attractive smell, it will be satisfactory. Often Mr. Average has the misfortune to cut himself in shaving. In this particular case, the shaving lotion proves its worth, by effecting a sensation similar to a kind of liquid fire calculated to require a war dance in emotional expression. The final step in this old familiar process is the finishing touch, a small quantity of powder rubbed briskly on the face, for what reason? Heaven only knows.

If still in the possession of his own teeth, the human experiment will usually undergo a tooth scrubbing. Using powder or paste on a daintily manipulated tool with a pastel handle, he removes the enamel of his teeth and anything else in the immediate vicinity. The necessity of this particular pursuit is screamed at him from every magazine he reads, and so, rather than become a social outcast, he goes through the motions.

Breakfast would logically come next in the daily chain of events which are the normal day of Mr. Average. He may eat a very masculine meal of bacon and eggs, the children may urge upon him huge quantities of prepared breakfast food, tasting like corn husks, but very valuable in box tops; or the "the wife" may be inclined to lie abed this morning and Mr. Average is abandoned to the fiendish intricateness of his own invention. In the latter, individualistic coffee is the substance he will be most likely to attempt.

Managing, with no great difficulty, to arrive at the stage of departure, our friend selects a coat and lesser accoutrements with which to sally forth. His car, a vehicle designed for transport and worry, never runs at maximum efficiency. By a sort of black magic, however, he manages to persuade it to run until the challenge is solved by a garage mechanic.

The next feature is work. Employment is necessary to secure the necessities of life, but what subtle intricacies are hidden behind a job. A boss whom he alternately dislikes and fears. An office farce, thing of continuous unrest. Today Mr. Average wants Saturday off, tomorrow he may contemplate joining the union—constant confusion.

Days lengthen into years, juniors advance, new faces appear, and the job goes on. Through this interweaving turmoil, lives Mr. Average. His wife, who listens with philosophical calm, could tell accurately what the reactions would be in any given instance for any member of the personnel. She has suffered and rejoiced with all of them through the years.

Mr. and Mrs. Average don't actually exist. The great mass of the middle class will be well acquainted with the generalization, however. Is this mode of life congruent with the before-mentioned ideal of progress in civilization? Or does it indicate that while our frontier thinkers progress, the common man is more bewildered than ever, surrounded by an increasing complex fund of knowledge?

Any human, with average intelligence, could solve the problems surrounding Mr. Average. Our free libraries, information bureaus, and other agencies could provide the necessary information. With a clear need for this data, and an available source, some obstruction must exist.

The shackles of economics tie the majority of our population to the hitching post of an adequate job. Before an average human can enjoy music and poetry in life, he must be economically secure.

Mr. Average lives a life only a portion of the one he could enjoy. His limitations are due to economic factors. In order to survive he must first secure necessities. Where in our civilization can a man find the time and freedom to think with freedom and courage? Convention forbids deviation from the norm in behaviour. A man who acts contrary to convention, regardless of right, will find it difficult to secure a livelihood.

Is this the progress of civilization?



## -- The Lost Lodger

(Continued from Page Five)

ried a banner head reading "PELLETIER REPORTED KIDNAPPED; HOUSEKEEPER CLAIMS EMPLOYER VICTIM OF REINSTEN GANG," and a frightened, apprehensive citizenry told its children, its husbands, and its wives to "get home early to-night."

The city police department was a bedlam. The short, fat police chief sweated and swore at every brisk, accusing reporter.

"When you gonna round up Reinsten's gang, Chief? This McCarthy dame sez they're holding him in the hills. How 'bout a posse, Chief?"

The city chief of police would thereupon damn all McCarthy's in general (his name was O'Brien) and Pelletier's housekeeper in particular. "I'm working on the case," he would say.

The three city dailies were divided. The *Record* and the morning *Star* were opposed to the city administration, while the *Globe* was behind the local government. In the next two days the battle royal raged in heavy, black type: "POLICE HEAD TOOL OF REINSTEN GANG, SAYS CITY MAN," declared the *Record*. "MAYOR WARNS AGAINST FALSE INFORMATION," declared the *Globe*.

O'Brien, the chief of police, was using every resource in his command. He was positive he would learn something of the missing man, if he were only given time.

And in all three city dailies, pictures of Mrs. McCarthy appeared. "Mrs. McCarthy pointing at missing man's bed"—"Mrs. McCarthy indicating scratch (x) which is purported to have been made by missing man's boot"—and "Mrs. McCarthy at home." She was the woman of the hour and the sage of 23rd Street.

"—As I wuz sayin' only this morning to hizzoner the Mayor"—The matrons of 23rd Street were dazzled and greedily listened to every word — no mean accomplishment when Mrs. McCarthy was talking.

High in the mountains, one hundred miles from the city, an immaculate gray-haired man walked briskly to the single store of Highland (pop. 25) and asked for a city daily.

"Ain't come in yet," said the proprietor. "You can't expect to get mail fast 'way up here. Kinda tough goin' at times gettin' it through these mountain roads. Oughta been in this afternoon, though."

The gray-haired man nodded.

"Yes, I suppose it is—still, I believe I shall wait for the car for a few minutes."

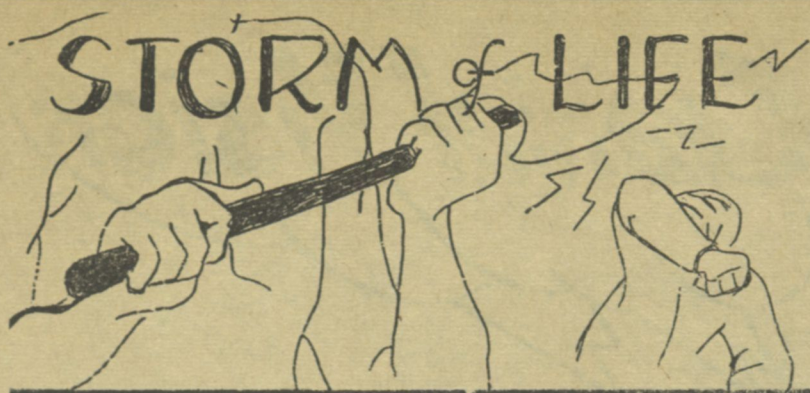
"O. K. Suit yourself." The storekeeper turned his back and began piling boxes on the shelves. "You folks gettin' on O.K.?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Why, yes, we are. I have to go back to the city tomorrow, though. I really only planned to be away a day, but it was so nice—"

"Yep." The storekeeper spat in the general direction of a stained cuspidor. "The mountains is the only place to live." He smiled and winked significantly—"and a dandy place for fellas like you."

The gray-haired man nodded absently and watched with interest the approach of a decrepit Model T Ford.

"There's your papers," said the



BY LEONARD JOHNSON

Like the searching fingers of winter's blast  
This world's fast moving cavalcade  
Of complex life swirls by;  
Seeking with awful moans and shrieks  
To wrench me from the sheltering hearth  
Of my own heart's desires.  
And as I pray the storm subsides  
Each threatening blast more fearsome grows  
More terrible its roar.  
Soon one last mighty sweep shall quench  
Those dear-loved fires and force the cold  
And raging night upon me.  
Again has Mars his armor shined  
And sharpened his battle axe;  
Now mankind stands in battle dress  
And Hate rules over all.  
Into battle then I march  
With firm resolve to conquer Hate  
And rescue Liberty;  
So I returning here can build  
Once more the flame of lost desire,  
And bask in its warm glow.  
Content to let the lessened winds  
Of fate in baffled fury howl  
Outside my heart's strong walls.

## MEDITATIONS . . . .

BY INEZ RAFF

A strangely silvered sun made its way across the bleak horizon as Dennis Allen marked the last day of his March watch in the Aleutians. Since that first morning when he had been assigned to guard duty and had begun his vigil on the shores of the Unimak Pass he had created and destroyed a hundred worlds.

It was an easy task. When one world failed, he could immediately begin building again, using new people with new ideas and new hopes. Here, where his thoughts were his only companions, he learned to know himself. He grew to understand an inner man; he lived his various natures to discover which type of being should exist in a new world for his descendants.

Dennis Allen had not been called to the service of his country, but had volunteered in order that he might do his part—first, in destroying the evil forces which were pressing him on all sides; and secondly, in creating that new world order which was to come.

storekeeper, and he walked out to meet the automobile, bringing back with him a bundle of newspapers, and tossed a roll into the hands of the gray-haired man.

Within the space of an hour long distance calls were received in the city by both Chief of Police O'Brien and Mrs. McCarthy. The chief mopped his brow and shouted into the mouthpiece, "Where did you say you were?" Mrs. McCarthy, when she received her call, asked in an indignant, deeply disappointed tone, "Why in the world,

Each day as he'd watched the sun appear and attempt its path across the heavens, he began a new world, developing it as the sun progressed. Each day it would fail as the sun failed, but each day there were a few more minutes of sunlight—a few more minutes for his world to live.

Was it man's power to change his nature? Could he, if he really so desired, bring out those qualities, always present, which make people for a better world? At least there were thousands like him, who were having hours to think while they watched for a possible lurking enemy. They were understanding themselves; they were finding hidden thoughts they didn't know were there.

Men like him, who'd taken time to think, would make the peace and build the world to come. Men, like Dennis Allen, would help to guide the future paths of nations because they had found time to think while watching the never-tiring sun make its way over the heavens.

Mr. Pelletier, did you run off like that?"

Over the wires, from the general store at Highland, a hundred miles away from the city, came the voice of Harold C. Pelletier, the three-days missing citizen and fifty-year-old manager of the City Bank.

"I have just been married, Mrs. McCarthy. Mrs. Pelletier and I will be in the city tomorrow afternoon."

Mr. Pelletier's honeymoon was at an end.

## Success

BY GERTRUDE LARSON

What is success? One author, in describing a character, called him "a friend of all the world." Certainly anyone who could deserve such a title must have the qualities necessary and must have attained success. At first observation his position would not seem at all enviable, for he had not even as much as a home of his own. However, he had no need of a home, for he was "a friend of all the world" and was welcome anywhere. His ideal must have been that of service to living things, for he spent all his time serving others. He did odd jobs about the house such as repairing water pipes, or if he saw a dog as the victim of a tick, he would stop to pick it off. For these services he never accepted money, and he had no need of it. Friends provided him with food, clothing, and shelter.

Many would say that this individual cannot serve as an example of a successful person, because he had no wealth. In fact, there are a great many people who consider wealth the only necessary item in judging success. The really essential qualities, however, are happiness, a pleasing personality, and honest striving toward the achievement of some high ideal.

A successful person has the characteristics of a superior individual. He has enough self-mastery to conduct himself according to the dictates of reason and common sense. He is above his pleasures; he is gentle and never bitter; he is humble-minded.

A great many ideas regarding success have been expressed by authors throughout the ages. Mark Twain has written: "All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure." An unidentified author has said, "Success is the end of hope." However, the author who has truly expressed the idea, and who might himself be considered as an example of a successful person, is Henry W. Longfellow. "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame."

## Ebbtide To The Rainy Sea

BY MARGARET STEVENS

Old gray charwoman  
in your kelp-spattered wrapper,  
down on your knees scrubbing  
wearily,  
wearily,  
backward and forward,  
scouring each finite enameled particle  
of pale beach sand—  
come away now; come away;  
the nether edges of the world are  
waiting,  
their tenuous slopes all marred  
by the hobnailed boots,  
the scars, the unsightly pockmarks  
of war . . .  
come away now; come away;  
the baseboards of Asia are sullied  
with blood  
and there is One that wants them  
clean  
before the bric a brac is polished.



## North Africa Incident

(Continued From Page Four)

the army. Used to wonder how I'd feel. I kept trying to think that I ought to hate the Germans and kill them like I would a rat. But I always knew it couldn't be that way."

Here Dave hesitated for a moment, picked up a handful of sand, and allowed it to sift slowly through his fingers before he went on.

"Maybe it was the course in German I took in high school that made me feel that way. Anyway, we studied legends about Germany, poetry by Schiller and Goethe, and Wagner's music. Somehow, the things I learned about Germany in that class stuck by me longer than the things the newspapers and radio kept putting out. There must be two sides over there.

"Germany to me isn't 'Der Wacht am Rhein' or 'Deutschland Uber Alles,' it's 'Die Lorelei' and 'Tannhauser.' It doesn't mean guns and tanks, but old castles and happy peasants.

"Our teacher—her name was Miss Krauss—had us write to kids in Germany. She figured it would give us practice and maybe teach us something about the country, too. I can still remember the name and address of my German—Walter Henning, Hohenzollernschule, Dusseldorf, Germany. We exchanged quite a few letters. He was about my height and build. Blonde, too, I guess. Likes to skate. He never said much about Hitler and the Nazi party. Once he told me he wanted to go to one of the old German universities and study Nordic literature—kept telling about German tradition and culture. He often mentioned the chance of seeing each other some day. Our plans were pretty undefined but we were pretty good friends. Somewhere at home I've got a picture of him standing in front of a Dusseldorf museum, a grinning, good looking fellow.

"You see, with contacts like that, a fellow gets kind of a different slant on Germany. When war started, I hoped I would be fighting the Japs, but here I am. I decided to make the best of everything and kill, even if it did go against the grain—I was doing all right, too, until that closeup today. Guess maybe I'll be okay, though. Tomorrow I'll feel different."

With these words he rose to his feet, stretched, shook his head as though to clean it of all thought and walked slowly away. In the dust where he had been sitting, a small metal object lay. Curiously, Rio picked it up, looked at it for a moment, and with a sharp intake of breath passed it on to his fellows.

It was a metal identification tag on which was inscribed:

A. K. 47652

Walter Henning  
Dusseldorf

## MORPHEUS

BY ASTRID ANDERSON

At seven or six or even five,  
"Morph" "gives out with a little jive."

Morpheus.

The Greeks named him their God of sleep

And my alarm has sleep to keep,  
So I call him Morpheus.

# Cranial Vision

BY O. J. AUSTIN

As a distant violin soothes  
And brings a mood of repose,  
I feel vaguely apart from the world,  
Suspended in space.

As one dials to unseen ether  
So I turn mental knobs,  
Calling hidden secret concepts—  
God, Man and many things.

My concept of the Omnipotent  
Is a faceless spirit being,  
Source of the blue light of truth,  
With a just and honest countenance;

Man I see as a flame,  
Composite of light and dark,  
A progressing, familiar object  
Which exhales a sweetness.

Organized life, machine-like,  
Seems made of great cogs,  
Big and noisy, but less efficient  
Than society of lowly ants.

I, like a tiny bolt,  
Serve the machine industriously,  
But slyly steal moments  
To enjoy some simple beauties.

The mood slowly fades away  
With the ebbing melody;  
Everyday life again intrudes,  
But annoys me a fraction less.

## U P Dispatch

BY MARGARET STEVENS

A raid last night . . . the Ruhr . . .  
seven planes lost . . .  
the voice on the radio is politely excited,  
as if announcing the Rosebowl score at the half,  
and the words come out  
coated with the same butter that is impartially smeared  
over ads for gelatin, and breakfast food,  
and vitamin capsules.

Seven planes lost . . .  
are you trying, radio, with that voice  
to delete the seven papery bodies blunted  
against the earth, or flattened,  
with a spatting sound,  
upon the amazingly resistant surface  
of the sea—  
the pliant, the liquid sea?  
With your voice you pick up the pieces—  
the pilots, the gunners, the navigators,  
the mutilated fragments,  
and you hide them behind your back like a small boy  
who has broken something his mother values.

But let me tell you, radio—  
the loss of seven planes can leave a mark  
infinitely more deep than those  
left in the earth by the eggs they carried.  
A crater in the heart cannot be filled  
by a politely excited voice dripping generalities . . .  
objectives attained . . . terminals . . . airdrome . . .  
Essen a shambles . . .

## - - At The Lakeshore

(Continued From Page Three)

and seek among the waves.

As we walk down toward the lake, it suddenly hides itself, and we see only the solid outline of the woods against the horizon. Large oak trees and a few willowly maples cuddle close to the winding road which comes to a sharp incline and levels out again.

We abruptly come to a stop, and find ourselves overlooking what closely resembles a river bank. Along the bank are a half-dozen green and white cottages. A cement stairway leads down to a shoreline that is studded with peculiarly shaped stones. A few boats are anchored along the pebbled bay. To the left, one lone pine tree stretches its sturdy branches upward, beckoning smaller trees to do the same.

When morning breaks, it is like a trumpet calling every thing into action. Each member of the woods absorbs the shiny brilliance of the sun. A scented mist rises and melts into space as the sun pours its warmth on the moist grass and sweet clover. Fresh leaves and flowers, and amorous birds work together like fairy elves to make this day even more beautiful than the one before, while a pert little frog sits on a toadstool, blinking its eyes attentively. There is an exhilarating clean smell in the air, interspersed with tempting whiffs of bacon being fried in one of the cottages. As we are absorbing all of this morning freshness, we are startled by the noise of an anchor-chain scraping against the boat of someone who is bass fishing close to shore.

At twilight, all the fluttering activity of the woods gradually decreases with the engulfing darkness. The air becomes cooler, and is saturated with sweet, sleepy smell of lake water. The lap-lapping of the waves slowly but persistently soothes the confusion of the departed day. Finally, the gentle western breeze comes to a halt, losing itself in the deep stillness of night. The ripples quiver, and then smooth out until the water becomes a silver-like mirror which reflects each cluster of stars in the sky above. As a final touch, the moon swells until it floods the atmosphere with a balmy light. The soft, mellow gold bathes the earth with a hue which causes all surrounding color to become indistinct to the human eye.

Toward the thicket, the deep blackness is streaked by fireflies darting here and there.

The hushed quiet which prevails soon tricks the mind into a peaceful dream, which is interrupted only by the haunting hoot-hoo of an owl who wishes to make it known that he is keeping a vigilant watch over all.

## Thought Begotten

BY JEAN RUTKOWSKI

It was a night ago  
A falling star did start  
Across the maze-lit heavens;  
Then entered it my heart.

And lay it there so long,  
That ceased its burning tone,  
And from its smoldering song  
Alloyed 'self with mine own.